*Ham.* Any thing but to'th purpoſe; you were ſent for, and there is a kind of confeſſion in your lookes, which your modeſties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue ſent for you.

*Roſ.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you muſt teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preſerued loue; and by what more deare a better propoſer can change you withal, be euen and direct with mee whether you were ſent for or no.

*Roſ.* What ſay you?

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eie of you, if you loue me hold not off.

*Guyl.* My Lord we were ſent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why ſo ſhall, my anticipation preuent your diſcouerie & your ſecrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgon all cuſtome of exerciſes, and indeede it goes ſoe heauily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the earth, ſeems to me a ſterill promontorie, this moſt excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maeſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appearth nothing to mee but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reaſon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expreſſe and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehenſion, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the parragon of Annimales, & yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

*Roſ.* My Lord there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did yee laugh then, when I ſaid man delights not me.

*Roſ.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the plaiers ſhall receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you ſeruice.

*Ham.* He that plaies the King ſhall be welcome, his Maieſtie ſhall haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight ſhall vſe his foyle and target, the louer ſhall not ſing gratis, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace and the Ladie ſhall ſay her mind freely: or the blanke verſe ſhall hault for't. What players are they?

*Roſ.* Euen thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

*Ham.*



*Ham.* How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both waies.

*Roſ.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

*Ham.* Do the hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the Citie? are they ſo followed?

*Roſ.* No indeede are they not.

*Ham.* It is not very ſtrange, for my Vncle is King of Denmark, & thoſe that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twentie, fortie, fiftie, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is ſomething in this more then natturall, if Philoſophy could find it out. *A flourish.*

*Guyl.* There are plaiers.

*Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſonoure*, your hands come then th'apportenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you muſt ſhowe fairely outwards, ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

*Guyl.* In what my deare Lord.

*Ham.* I am but mad North North-weſt; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke, from a Hand-ſaw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hark you *Guyldenſterne*, and you too, at each eare a hearer: that great babie as you ſee is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

*Roſ.* Happily he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophecie that he comes to tell me of the Plaiers, marke it, you ſay right ſir a Monday morning t'was then indeede.

*Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Roſſius* was an Actor in Rome.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz,

*Pol.* Vpon my honour.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Aſſe.

*Pol.* The beſt actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiſtorie, Paſtorall, Paſtoral-Comicall, Hiſtorical-Paſtorall, ſeene indiuidable